

G-III-B-086

1903

Beachy & Preston Farm

Bittinger

Private

The house is a two-story, gable-roofed, T-plan dwelling with a three-bay, center-door facade. The facade points NW. The gable ends of the main block measure two bays across, and the T measures two bays long by one bay wide. One-story, shed-roofed additions fill the sides of the T and a one-story, hipped-roof porch covers the facade door and windows.

The farm was most probably built by or for Silas C. Beachy, a farmer and cattle dealer who purchased the land from the estate of Christian J. Beachy in 1900.

INVENTORY FORM FOR STATE HISTORIC SITES SURVEY<sup>G</sup>**1 NAME**

HISTORIC

AND/OR COMMON

Beachy - Preston Farm

**2 LOCATION**

STREET &amp; NUMBER

Rock Lodge Rd. S side, approximately .4 miles SW of Beachy Road

CITY, TOWN  
Bittering☒ VICINITY OF

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

6th

STATE

Maryland

COUNTY

Garrett County

**3 CLASSIFICATION**

## CATEGORY

☐ DISTRICT  
☒ BUILDING(S)  
☐ STRUCTURE  
☐ SITE  
☐ OBJECT

## OWNERSHIP

☐ PUBLIC  
☒ PRIVATE  
☐ BOTH

## PUBLIC ACQUISITION

☐ IN PROCESS  
☐ BEING CONSIDERED

## STATUS

☒ OCCUPIED  
☐ UNOCCUPIED  
☐ WORK IN PROGRESS  
**ACCESSIBLE**  
☐ YES: RESTRICTED  
☐ YES: UNRESTRICTED  
☒ NO

## PRESENT USE

☐ AGRICULTURE  
☐ COMMERCIAL  
☐ EDUCATIONAL  
☐ ENTERTAINMENT  
☐ GOVERNMENT  
☐ INDUSTRIAL  
☐ MILITARY  
☐ MUSEUM  
☐ PARK  
☒ PRIVATE RESIDENCE  
☐ RELIGIOUS  
☐ SCIENTIFIC  
☐ TRANSPORTATION  
☐ OTHER**4 OWNER OF PROPERTY**

NAME

Clark O. Preston

Telephone #: (301) 245-4111

STREET &amp; NUMBER

CITY, TOWN

\_\_\_ VICINITY OF

STATE, zip code

**5 LOCATION OF LEGAL DESCRIPTION**COURTHOUSE,  
REGISTRY OF DEEDS, ETC.

Garrett County Courthouse

Liber #: 338

Folio #: 413

STREET &amp; NUMBER

Third and Alder Streets

CITY, TOWN

Oakland

STATE

Maryland 21550

**6 REPRESENTATION IN EXISTING SURVEYS**

TITLE

None

DATE

☐ FEDERAL ☐ STATE ☐ COUNTY ☐ LOCALDEPOSITORY FOR  
SURVEY RECORDS

CITY, TOWN

STATE

## 7 DESCRIPTION

G-11-B-086

### CONDITION

☐ EXCELLENT

☒ GOOD

☐ FAIR

☐ DETERIORATED

☐ RUINS

☐ UNEXPOSED

### CHECK ONE

☒ UNALTERED

☐ ALTERED

### CHECK ONE

☒ ORIGINAL SITE

☐ MOVED DATE \_\_\_\_\_

### DESCRIBE THE PRESENT AND ORIGINAL (IF KNOWN) PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

The Beachy/Preston Farm is located on the S side of Rock Lodge Road, approximately .4 miles W of Beachy Road. The farmland slopes down from the road, and SE of the house is a large pond which was originally a small surface mine. The farm is composed of house, barn and several outbuildings.

The house is a two-story, gable-roofed, T-plan dwelling with a three-bay, center-door facade. The facade points NW. The gable ends of the main block measure two bays across, and the T measures two bays long by one bay wide. One-story, shed-roofed additions fill the sides of the T and a one-story, hipped-roof porch covers the facade door and windows.

The house rests on a low cut stone foundation and is covered with white asbestos shingles over German siding. The windows are one over one sash with no surrounds. The facade door has a bevelled glass panel set into its upper portion. Below it is a decorative sill with dentils and a central doorbell. In the bottom panel is a circular wreath with ribbons at its bottom, done in wood.

The roof has a central cross gable in the facade and is covered with square and fishscale shingles laid in alternating bands of three rows each. The house has one interior stove chimney at the gable end of the T.

On the SW side of the T, the addition is completely enclosed to form an extra room. On the NE elevation, the addition forms a sunporch. On the interior wall of the sunporch the original siding can still be seen. The facade porch has been partially enclosed: permanently at the SW end and temporarily in the central portion. The roof is covered with asphalt shingles and is supported by square posts sporting jigsaw brackets.

The interior is a center stairhall, double-pile plan with a rear kitchen. The stair is a single-run, closed string flight with a carved square newel and turned balusters. The newel exhibits rope trim, circular wreaths with ribbons, a cornice with bead trim, and is surmounted by a turned finial. The string has recessed panels with bead trim and raised centers. All rooms have chair rails with wainscoting of vertically-placed beaded boards. Above the walls are plastered.

Northeast of the house is a gable-roofed frame bank barn. The barn rests on a stone and concrete block foundation and is covered with vertical boards. The bank entrance points NW and a silo is attached to the SE side. NW of the barn are a frame and a concrete block garage.

East of the house is a small shed-roofed outbuilding resting on a poured concrete foundation. The outbuilding is covered with white board and batten siding. Its facade measures three bays across and points SE. The door is on its SW elevation.

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

PERIOD		AREAS OF SIGNIFICANCE -- CHECK AND JUSTIFY BELOW				
<input type="checkbox"/> PREHISTORIC	<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHEOLOGY-PREHISTORIC	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMUNITY PLANNING	<input type="checkbox"/> LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> RELIGION		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1400-1499	<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHEOLOGY-HISTORIC	<input type="checkbox"/> CONSERVATION	<input type="checkbox"/> LAW	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1500-1599	<input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> ECONOMICS	<input type="checkbox"/> LITERATURE	<input type="checkbox"/> SCULPTURE		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1600-1699	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> EDUCATION	<input type="checkbox"/> MILITARY	<input type="checkbox"/> SOCIAL/HUMANITARIAN		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1700-1799	<input type="checkbox"/> ART	<input type="checkbox"/> ENGINEERING	<input type="checkbox"/> MUSIC	<input type="checkbox"/> THEATER		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1800-1899	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMERCE	<input type="checkbox"/> EXPLORATION/SETTLEMENT	<input type="checkbox"/> PHILOSOPHY	<input type="checkbox"/> TRANSPORTATION		
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1900-	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMUNICATIONS	<input type="checkbox"/> INDUSTRY	<input type="checkbox"/> POLITICS/GOVERNMENT	<input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (SPECIFY)		
		<input type="checkbox"/> INVENTION				

SPECIFIC DATES ca. 1903

BUILDER/ARCHITECT

Silas C. Beachy

## STATEMENT OF SIGNIFICANCE

This house is an example of the style of dwelling built by well-to-do farmers of the early twentieth century. The size of the house and interior finishes in the hall and public rooms indicate that the owner was a person of some local importance.

The farm was most probably built by or for Silas C. Beachy, a farmer and cattle dealer who purchased the land from the estate of Christian J. Beachy in 1900. The Beachy family, of German Swiss extraction, were prominent farmers in this area and in the area of Mount Nebo, east of Grantsville.

This tract, known as Pleasant Valley, was renowned for its grove of sugar maples.

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

**9 MAJOR BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES**

Beachy, Leo J. "Autobiography of a Nature Lover." Meyersdale Leader,  
April 13, 1922

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

**10 GEOGRAPHICAL DATA**

ACREAGE OF NOMINATED PROPERTY \_\_\_\_\_

VERBAL BOUNDARY DESCRIPTION

LIST ALL STATES AND COUNTIES FOR PROPERTIES OVERLAPPING STATE OR COUNTY BOUNDARIES

STATE

COUNTY

STATE

COUNTY

**11 FORM PREPARED BY**

NAME / TITLE

Ann Burns, Historic Sites Surveyor

ORGANIZATION

Maryland Historical Trust/Bureau of Mines

DATE

May 1981

STREET & NUMBER

Shaw House, 21 State Circle

TELEPHONE

(301) 269-2438

CITY OR TOWN

Annapolis

STATE

Maryland 21401

The Maryland Historic Sites Inventory was officially created by an Act of the Maryland Legislature, to be found in the Annotated Code of Maryland, Article 41, Section 181 KA, 1974 Supplement.

The Survey and Inventory are being prepared for information and record purposes only and do not constitute any infringement of individual property rights.

RETURN TO: Maryland Historical Trust  
The Shaw House, 21 State Circle  
Annapolis, Maryland 21401  
(301) 267-1438

Chain of Title

G-III-B-086

Beachy-Preston Farm

338/413 From: Preston Kennels Inc.  
6/1/73 To: Clark O. & Helen B. Preston  
Deed Consideration: \$10.00 "and other good & valuable consideration"  
one boundary corner is marked by a stone marked  
"J. B." 128 a.

311/192 From: Jonas M. Beachy & Ferne A. Beachy  
6/24/71 To: Preston Kennels, Inc.  
Deed Consideration: \$10.00 "and other good and valuable consideration"  
128 a.

151/597 From: Mary Alice Beitzel (Beachy) widow of Silas C. Beachy  
6/21/48 To: Jonas M. & Ferne A. Beachy  
Deed Consideration: \$10.00 "and other good and valuable considerations"  
Subject to a life estate retained by the said  
Mary Alice Beachy

"First: All that part of the tract of land called "Pleasant Valley" and all those two parts of the tract of land called "Park," described in a deed from Samuel J. Beachy and Jonas J. Beachy, Executors of Christian J. Beachy to Silas C. Beachy, date 7/7/1900, 39/205, as having 523 a.

"Second: All that other piece or parcel of land containing... 25 acres, more or less," described in a deed from Joseph Bowser and wife to Silas C. Beachy 8/28/20 79/366

"Reserving and Excepting here from, however, all that piece or parcel of land which was heretofore granted and conveyed to the said parties of the second part by deed from the said party of the first part..." 6/25/46, 140/516.

100/483 From: Silas H. and Dorothy May Beachy  
7/18/30 To: Silas C. and Mary Alice Beachy  
Deed Consideration \$5.00

Parcel 1: "Pleasant Valley" and "Park" 523" 523 A, 39/205 7-7-1900  
Parcel 2: 25 a, 8-28-20, 79/366

100/482 From: Silas C. and Mary Alice Beachy  
7/18/30 To: Silas H. Beachy, a single man  
Deed Consideration: \$5.00

All the foregoing lands

## Parcel #1 --

39/205 From: Samuel J. and Jonas J. Beachy, Executors of Christian J.  
7/7/1900 Beachy  
Deed To: Silas C. Beachy  
Consideration: \$3,112.41

Three parcels --

- #1: Parts of "Pleasant Valley" and "Park" conveyed to Christian Beachy by Joel Beachy, Trustee, dated 12-5-1859, Allegany County H.R. 18/477
- #2: Part of "Park" conveyed to Christian Beachy by Jacob H. Yoder, dated 9/12/1865, Allegany County H.R. 23/434
- #3: Another part of "Park" conveyed to Christian J. Beachy by Samuel J. Beachy, dated 10/29/1868, Allegany County H.R. 29/228

land lies along the Oakland and Grantsville Pike  
Contains parts of Jacob H. Yoder tract 248½ a. timberland  
Contains parts of S.J. Beachy tract 158½ a. timberland  
Contains parts of home tract cleared 116 3/4 a. timberland

Total 523½ a.

Metes and bounds mention the stone wall of Christian Beachy's barn, a planted stone marked C. and J., another marked 23rd S.C.B., another marked J.B.

## Parcel #2 --

79/366 From: Joseph Bowser and Lula Bowser  
8/28/20 To: Silas C. Beachy  
Deed Consideration: \$1,000.00

25.a. lying north of the county road leading from Oakland to Grantsville - part of John B. Harman farm, which was conveyed to the Bowsers by deed dated 12/20/1918, 74/487

## HE LIVED ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS

Jonas J. Beachy's Life Span  
Stopped 35 Days Short of  
Full Century.

### IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL OF VENERABLE CITIZEN

Had he been granted 35 days more of life, Jonas J. Beachy, oldest resident of a wide section of country embracing the greater portions of Garrett County, Md., and Somerset County, Pa., would have attained the age of 100 years which was the goal of his ambition during his latter years.

The near centennarian passed peacefully away at his home at Mount Nebo, two miles east of Grantsville, Md., at 5 o'clock Friday evening, January 2nd. He was born Feb. 6, 1831, two miles north of Grantsville, near the Pennsylvania state line, and lived most of his life in the Grantsville District of Garrett County.

His parents were John and Christina (Livengood) Beachy of German Swiss descent and of the Amish Mennonite faith, of which he also was an adherent during his entire life. He came of very sturdy pioneer stock, noted for both mental and physical vigor, as well as for industry and integrity. Physically Jonas J. Beachy, when young, had no promise of great age. He was afflicted with "white swelling" in one of his legs when a boy, which left him lame for the rest of his long life. His father was a man of giant strength, and he also had several brothers who were noted for their physical prowess, yet he lived many years longer than either of his parents, brothers or sisters, who seemingly outclassed him in health and strength.

His father helped to haul the rock for the building of the big stone arch bridge over the Casselman River at Little Crossings, which was completed in 1817, and remains one of the most interesting structures of its kind in the entire country. His father was also for many years one of the leading farmers of Garrett County, in the Bittinger district. Jonas Beachy, like all the farm boys of his generation

yet by reading and observation he acquired a fairly good elementary education and a great fund of interesting and useful information gleaned from books and periodicals which he read. His memory was most remarkable, even in his extreme old age. He had a mind for figures and could correctly quote more numerical statistics than any person of his wide acquaintance.



One of Latest Photographs of  
Jonas J. Beachy.

\$2.50  
PER YEAR  
5 CENTS  
PER COPY

WEEKLY  
LEAF

Thursday, January 8, 1931.

After Mr. Beachy was 21 years of age he made three trips to and from the West, the first one by ox-team from Grantsville, Md., to northern Illinois in 1858, with Rev. Henry Knepper and family of Grantsville who emigrated from Maryland to the Prairie State. It was while in Illinois that Mr. Beachy embarked on the greatest adventure of his life. During the Pike's Peak gold rush of 1859 Mr. Beachy, in company with the late William G. Schrock of Somerset, Pa. and several other young adventurers started from the vicinity of Dixon, Illinois, for the gold fields of Colorado, a long and hazardous trip by ox-team across the Great Plains at that time still infested by hostile Indians and roamed by countless herds of buffalo.

They experienced many difficulties and hardships, and finally turned back before reaching the eastern border of Colorado, on account of meeting many prospectors returning from the Rocky Mountains with the report that there was little gold to be found there. Warily they wended their way back to Illinois. Mr. Beachy a few years later returning to his native county in Maryland to make his home there the remainder of his life, and his buddy, "Bill" Schrock, to Somerset County, Pennsylvania. For sixty years they lived within less than 40 miles of each other without hearing from or seeing each other again, or either knowing of the other's whereabouts until an article written by Mr. Beachy's son, the late Leo J. Beachy, and published in the Meyersdale Republican, telling about their Pike's Peak trip, came to the attention of Capt. William G. Schrock and resulted in their reunion. Capt. Schrock, who was five years younger than Mr. Beachy, paid the latter a visit at least once a year, after their first reunion until the captain passed away about two years ago.

After his return from the West to his native heath, Mr. Beachy on Sept. 2, 1864, married Miss Anna D. Yutzy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Yutzy of Pocahontas, Somerset County, Pa. Mrs. Beachy was a sister of the late Col. Enoch D. Yutzy, Dr. Joseph Yutzy, Jeremiah, Joel, Samuel and Dr. Simon D. Yutzy, all men of local renown, now deceased, and the late Mrs. Barbara Real of Sand Patch. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Beachy moved on to the Warnick farm at Mount Nebo, which he afterward purchased, and where they spent the remainder of their lives. He was a prosperous farmer and a good neighbor, delighting in the company of his fellowmen, who always found in him a most genial and interesting companion.

Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Beachy, of whom only five survive, namely: Mrs. Christina Unzicker, of Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Custer Orendorf, of Bittinger, Md.; Elmer J. living on a farm adjacent to his father's farm, and Edward and Kate in the parental home. Miss Kate ministered to her aged parents most tenderly and efficiently during their old age, and also to her crippled brother, Leo J. Beachy, during the many years he was a helpless invalid unable to walk, but possessed of a brilliant intellect, and a poet, author



and landscape photographer of more than ordinary ability.

All of Jonas J. Beachy's brothers and sisters preceded him to the grave, most of them by many years. They were: Abraham, John, Samuel, Christian, and Gideon, (the late Dr. G. J. Beachy, dentist) brothers, and Mrs. Jacob Gnagey, Mrs. Jeremiah Durst and Mrs. Edward Hershberger, sisters.

Mr. Beachy was the oldest living subscriber to The Republican since the death of Rev. Dr. William Gerhardt of Martinsburg, W. Va., who died several years ago, about one month after celebrating his one-hundredth birthday. Mr. Beachy was a great reader until his sight failed several years ago, after which he had the newspapers read to him. He maintained his interest in current events, both local and worldwide, until a short time before his death. Last summer he had one or two slight strokes of paralysis, but rallied each time, and he retained his mental faculties and was able to converse with his friends until several weeks ago when his tongue became so palsied that he could no longer make himself understood. His great desire the last year or two was to live a full century, but he failed rapidly the last few weeks and one of his last understandable utterances was that he had lived long enough and was ready to go at any time.

Jonas J. Beachy  
Father of

Leo J. Beachy.

Compiled By  
Maxine (Beachy)  
Broadwater.

Granddaughter of  
Jonas -  
Niece of Leo.

He was a member of the Miller Amish Mennonite Church, whose meeting house is close to the A. M. Children's Home, one mile north of noon, and despite the drifted country roads and steady down-pour of rain, the commodious meeting house was filled to overflowing with people, old and young, as well as middle-aged, who came from miles around to attend the obsequies of this venerable citizen who was the friend of all.

Preacher Jonas B. Miller of Grantsville was the minister in charge of the funeral services. The opening prayer was offered in German by Christian W. Bender, of Niverton, followed by the singing of "Home Sweet Home," in German, by the congregation. M. S. Zehr, a minister from Pigeon, Mich., who has been conducting Bible schools in some of the Amish Mennonite churches around Grantsville, then gave a splendid funeral discourse, alternating his remarks in German and English.

Jonas B. Miller followed with an able discourse in English, after the singing of the hymn, in English, "There is a fountain filled with blood," Mr. Miller stating that it was one of the last requests of the deceased that this hymn be sung at his funeral. It had also been sung at his wife's funeral. Mr. Miller, in his sermon, spoke intimately of the life of the venerable brother and related many anecdotes about him which illustrated his splendid traits of character. He spoke feelingly of his long acquaintance with him and of the high esteem in which he was held, as was evidenced by the large outpouring of people on such a sodden winter day to pay their last loving respects to one so aged and wise in his generation, of whom he was the very last. He also paid a tribute to the devotion of the daughter who so faithfully ministered to her aged parents and her invalid brother during their years of helplessness. The ceremonies were concluded with prayer by Brother Miller and the singing of "Nearer my God to Thee."

The casket was then opened to give opportunity for all to look for the last time upon the kindly face of the oldest inhabitant of the community. Hundreds filed reverently by the bier and gazed with tear-dimmed eyes upon that pale but serene countenance.

The casket was then resealed and conveyed to the cemetery nearby where it was lowered into the new-made grave with simple ceremony. The pall-bearers were six grandsons of the deceased—Ellsworth Beachy, Paul Orendorf, John Custer, Morris Beachy and Clark and Wilbur Custer. William Winterberg of Grantsville was the undertaker in charge.

A veteran newspaperman and kinsman of Mr. Beachy, who attended the funeral, made the following comment:

"The obsequies held over the remains of the late Jonas J. Beachy, I consider among the most impressive I ever attended. They were the more impressive for their simplicity, earnestness and absence of overdone modern-day funeral customs.

"The two sermons preached each carried with them a beautiful and consoling line of thought, expressed clearly in both the English and German languages, and the singing, some of which was in English and some in German, was also very impressive and beautiful, a blending of solemnity and melody that was restful to the soul and a soothing balm to saddened hearts."

G-III-B-086

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NATURE LOVER

## And Historical Notes of Gar- rett County, Maryland.

Destruction of the Great New Germany  
White Pine Forest—Noble Monarchs  
of the Forest Laid Low by the  
Woodman's Ax—Lockiel Lumber  
Company's Great Log Chute—More  
About the Yutzy, Brenneman, Miller  
and Beachy Pioneers.

BY LEO J. BEACHY  
(Continued from last week.)

The noble trees in the New Germany end of this vast pine-scented paradise were all cut down when I was growing up to young manhood, mostly by the Lockiel Lumber Company, and the local smaller sawmills operated by Patrick Dorsey, C. J. Otto, Samuel and Henry Durst and Jonas J. Beachy.

To give an idea of the value and size of these magnificent white-pine trees, let me mention a few details. Patrick Dorsey, father-in-law of our banker, J. O. Getty, said he made 160 feet of sawlogs out of each of many of these trees, and stated that some of the trees in the "Wolf Swamp" made 160 feet of sawlogs. My father cut one tree that was four feet in diameter above the roots, that made six 15-foot logs and one 16-foot log, a total of 106 feet. The butt log made six thousand shingles. Some logs made perhaps 6000 feet of pine lumber. Father commenced to drag logs to his old fashion-

ed water power sawmill in the fall, and by Christmas he had 417 logs at the mill. When my father imagined the stately tree with its great round trunk rising to a height of 100 feet with whispering leaves as beautiful as any Christmas tree.

### Great Lockiel Log Flume.

The Lockiel Lumber Company built a log slide-out of good straight pine logs, something like a V-shaped trough that trilled the logs over the steep McGandrews grade, all the way eastward a distance of three miles to the Savage River, where they were run into a large dam, and later when the water was high they were floated by tens of thousands down the Savage River to Bloomington, where the logs were sawed into lumber.

The logs were dragged from the stream by horses to the slide, and when freezing cold weather came with snow, streets filled with water, with small holes at the under side, were laid into the slide and bent down first to make it smooth with ice as the water froze, so the logs would slide. Then the logs were rolled into the slide by many men on the job. They ran like "greased lightning", as the saying goes. Directly I remember hearing those logs rushing over the trailing slide for hours like an onrushing train, and bumping on ends that sounded like distant gun shots, although I was five miles away here at my Mt. Nebo home. At the steepest place in the slide were driven iron spikes to act as scrapers to keep the logs in check from running too fast and this took from many a log a shaving sixteen or twenty feet long, as they slid on and a wagon load long, as they slid on and on. Sometimes a crooked log would jump the track and it was dangerous to stand near the trail. It was said that sometimes a 16-foot log would be split open

C-III-2-086

Form 3-Game Paradise.

Along this region is the eastern slope of Meadow Mountain that reaches to the Savage River at the foot of Savage Mountain. Here, also, is the divide that sends the headwaters of one stream, Red Run, northward, across the national road at Shade Mill, or the Poplar House or "Spook" House, or Pine Grove, into the Casselman River, then into the Youghiogheny, the Monongahela, the Ohio, the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico, while the other part of the water of this source after leaving the old time water-wheel (at the sawmill at one time operated by my father, 1869 to 1873), of which I can speak later, flows south to the sawmill site of Hon. C. J. Otto, and thence a few rods further, forming the Swauger grist-mill dam, and thence flowing on by the name, Poplar Lick. Join the Savage River near Gregg's grist-mill, and thence on into the Monongahela River, Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean.

In fact this slope is drained eastward into the Savage River by three streams emptying into it at different points at right angles, along its southward course, by the names Blue Lick, Poplar Lick and Poplar Lick.

These were used to be a splendid hunting and good foraging ground for the deer during the days when the Savage was alive with trout and in fact these streams were named "licks" because deer were lured to these points by the hunter placing salt there and lying in wait with his gun, the evening or early morning in season of venison.

### Some Family History.

After the death of my grandmother, my grandfather, Daniel Yutzy, married my mother, Brenneman, a sister to his first wife, and thus an aunt and a mother to my mother. And yet in my mother's life there was only a foster mother, for she, ever after her mother's death, when she was only nine years old, continued to live with her mother, Brenneman, and was may be the youngest, youth and age, often being the old open fire place, and listening to the moaning of the edge of the great forest. My mother's grandfather, Brenneman, was

still living here with them for a while, and mother remembers when he was sick sitting on his bed, and when he died and was buried where his ashes now rest, on the Bankard farm, New Germany, where they lived, known as the Lewis Warnick place now.

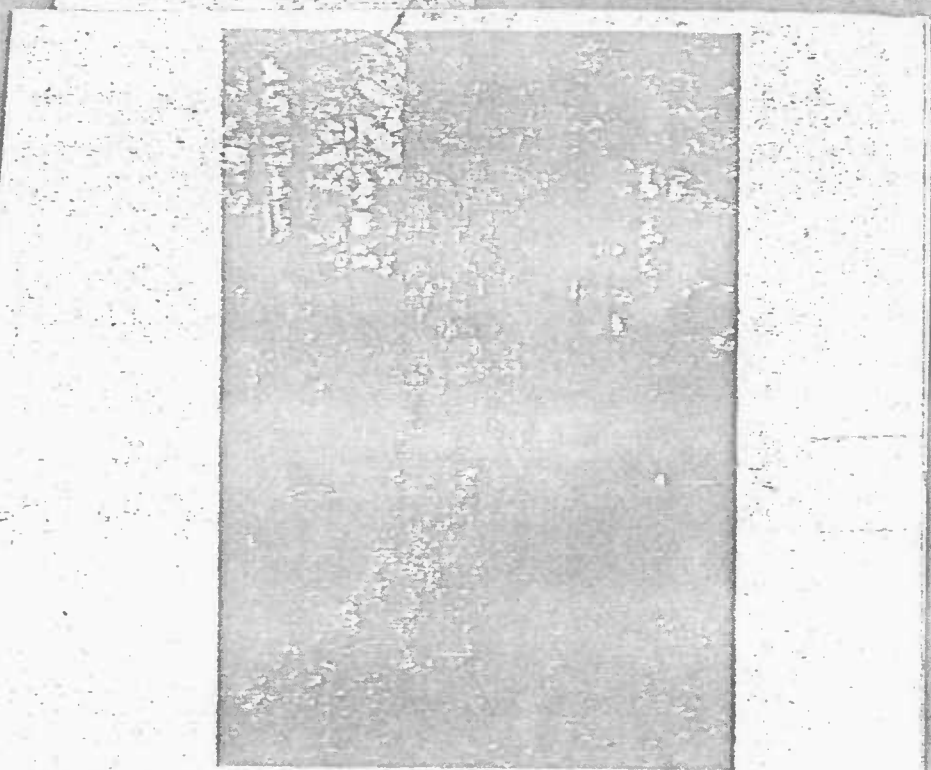
There were two houses close together on this place. Besides the grandfather house, there was the house of one of the sons, Minister Jacob Brenneman, and his large family. His wife's maiden name was Katie Engle, who was a sister to the late John J. Engle, the miller near Boynton, Pa., who died several years ago.

Daniel Brenneman of Garrett County, who died a few years ago at the ripe old age of 85 years, was my mother's last surviving uncle. Thomas Lee was married to one of his sisters, as was also Joel Miller, Sr., father of Daniel J., Samuel J. ("Poser" Sam), Joel J., Eli J., and Christian J. Miller. Thomas Lee was married to Elizabeth, Joel Miller, Sr., to Katherine, Benjamin Beachy to Marie, Daniel Yutzy to Anna and Magdalene.

### Former Mt. Nebo Residents.

It has been truly said, "Life is made up of circles", and I find by tracing this Miller lineage back another generation, that the father of "old" Joel Miller, whose name was Benedict Miller, lived here at Mt. Nebo and built the new part of the house, in 1835. The older part of the house was likely built over one hundred years ago. Both parts were torn down in 1893 when the present house was built and the old stone chimneys were used in building the wall under the new house.

"1835, Philip Durst, John Durst, Peter Miller, what printers we are." These quoted words were printed on the lower side of a pine shingle that the wind blew from the roof of our old dilapidated log house, and by consulting the oldest person in the neighborhood, Lydia Custer, about the printing, which was still very good, she said those were the names of the three carpenters who had nailed the shingles on the roof.



A MOUNT NEBO WHITE OAK  
Specimen of Giant Trees That Formerly Composed

Thomas Thistle likely built the older part of the house, and also likely the old log barn which stood a little farther back from the public road than the present frame barn which was built in 1878. On a corner stone in the wall of the old barn was chiseled "1807", likely the year in which Thistle built the wall. (More of the Thistle family later.) This same stone was put into the new wall where it can be seen in the corner towards the road and may prove a mystery to coming generations.

#### Another Cycle of Mother's Life.

Another unique circle of circumstances was that when my mother was a small girl she often came with her grandmother from New Germany to the old Mt. Nebo house to visit or deliver stockings; they had knitted for her grandmother's sister and family, Daniel Otto, who lived on the road a mile west of the Mt. Nebo house; and she always noticed with much interest, this old house, with its turned porch posts, its open front and its broad outlook, overlooking the far distant Pennsylvania hills to the north, and she wished that she might live here. But a good many years went by before she married and her dreams came true.

She and her grandmother moved with the Jacob Brenneman family away from New Germany, about ten miles further southwest to the present Brenneman farm on the west side of Meadow Mountain, near Blittinger, Maryland. Here again she and her grandmother lived in a little log cabin, built of round logs instead of hewed logs, and having an old-fashioned open fireplace and huge stone chimney. The Brenneman family moved into a larger house near by. On this farm is the last resting place of my mother's grandmother, Mary Brenneman. Their old cabin home still stands as far as I know.

#### Father and Mother Meet.

When my father was nine years old he also moved with his parents from Pennsylvania to Garrett County, (then Allegheny County,) Maryland, to near the Blittinger settlement where he and my mother got acquainted. My mother got married in Pennsylvania near Elk Lick, September 2, 1855, at the age of 25, and after starting up housekeeping on what is at present known as the Gideon Gnagey farm in the Grantsville district, lived there five years and then moved to the Henry Durst place (now the Samuel Durst farm) at New Germany, in 1870. This was near my mother's childhood home, and at the old water-mill previously mentioned, thus completing another circle in her life.

From there my parents moved to the Mt. Nebo farm in April, 1871. An exceptionally heavy sleet in March of that year broke down and uprooted many of those grand and glorious pine trees, that stood on a hillside, and gave the forest a hurricane-swept aspect. A storm in July, 1882, tore down a strip of those trees, and out of their fallen trunks shingles were being made for thirty years.

#### The Loveliness of Trees.

I can enthusiastically say with Joyce Kilmer, the young poet who served and died in the World War:

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Amongst the earth's sweet flowing  
breasts;

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
And intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

I believe that the time will come when the University of Maryland Extension Service and the people of Garrett County will be actively interested in replanting much of this denuded, waste mountain land in coniferous trees, and perhaps some nut-bearing trees, which will be valuable as nut-bearers, as well as for lumber.

#### Father's Eventful Career.

In the foregoing discourse I have merely touched upon the life of my mother and her childhood surroundings and a few other lives in relation to hers. The incidents of the childhood days of my father will make another chapter, as will also his three trips by wagon to the far West, one of them in quest of gold at Pike's Peak, Colorado. One trip he made in a three-horse, white canvas-covered wagon, in company with my uncle, Dr. Oldeon Beachy, (now living retired at Glanville, Pa.) and Daniel Otto, over the National Pike to Bloomington, Ill., leaving the pike at Terrehaute, Ind. They traveled on an average of 35 miles a day, paid seventy-five road and bridge tolls, and the expense for the three of them was \$36 or just \$12 each.

My father's trip through the wilds of West Virginia on horseback, over unbridged streams, in April, 1853, to consult an herb doctor for white-swelling, would make another chapter. Wild animals that preyed in these forests; the various large tracts of timberland that have been cut in the county; individual trees, like the great hollow yellow poplar, in which Meshac Browning, the great hunter, camped on hunting expeditions, and so forth are topics of absorbing interest, which if added, will make a book of 200 pages and now since I have started to

write, if I could be spared card or letter by any people that each would sub pay for a copy of such a publication, I would set to once preparing the manuscript.

(To be continued.)



B

Thursday, April 13, 1922.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NATURE LOVER

## Historical Notes of Garrett County, Maryland.

Sketch of the Grand Parents of the  
Author—Primitive Manners of Their  
Early Life—Grandfather Beachy's  
Large Farm in the "West"—Build-  
ing of Large House and Barn—Ad-  
ventures with Wild Animals.

By Leo J. Beachy.

(Continued from March 30)

Let us now turn our thoughts to the life of my father who is now in the ninety-second year of his age. After his three trips west and his sojourn in Illinois, at the time Chicago was growing up and the wild prairie was being plowed and sowed, from 1816 to 1823, he again returned to the hills of Maryland. And when asked why he did not stay in the West, I have often heard him reply "The lovely Maryland women brought me back."

My grandmother on my father's side was Christena Livengood who married grandfather John Beachy when she was 16 years old. In this Livengood family there were 15 children, seven older and seven younger than my grandmother. Their farm was near the St. Paul Church, Elk Lick, Pa. Her education amounted to only eleven days in school. She could read a little by spelling out words and pointing along with her finger, but she could not write, cipher or count money. Yet she was strong, healthy, thrifty and raised a family of twelve children.

### His Home in the Wilderness.

My grandfather, John Beachy, was noted for being an extraordinarily strong man—able to carry a whiskey barrel full of water during his latest living years. My great-grandfather, Peter Beachy, with several brothers, came from Switzerland. Peter Beachy is buried in the grave yard on the John D. Feder farm near Springs, Pa.

Grandfather John Beachy and family at one time lived on the William Bender farm crossed by the Mason & Dixon line, near Grantsville, Md. He at one time owned and operated a water-power, stone buhr grist mill on Shade run on the Bodes place, back of Emanuel Hersherger's.

My grandfather, John Beachy, and family moved away from the William Bender farm in Pennsylvania to the "Glades", or Bittinger village settlement, in 1840 when my father was nine years old. This section of the country was then known, as it is today, by the name "Forks", because the land lies between the North and South branches of the Casselman River. Here they bought a tract of 1200 acres between the forks of the river and took in 100 acres besides on an adjacent title, two 50-acre lots. On this farm then was

built the old brick house that was constructed in 1842 and has been torn down these many years, although some of the brick are still serving in the chimney in the new house built later by my uncle, Christian Beachy, and now the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Beachy. The ceiling in the cellar of the old house was 13 feet high, and on the second floor the ceiling was perhaps 11 or 12 feet high. The brick for the building of the house were burned on the farm back of the house, where the marks may be noticed to-day in the magnificent sugar grove.

Those were busy days for the Beachys on their vast domain of over a thousand acres of cleared and forest land. The brick were handled with William Fern's ox-team, and the team must have been a good one, for they hauled 4,000 pounds on a load. In this work my father, then a barefooted boy, met with an accident that made him lame for life. Uncle Abraham Beachy, while hauling bricks pitched two brick from the wagon for my father, who was on the ground to catch. The brick struck him on the hip which caused white swelling which put him on his back on two chairs for nine weeks, and caused him pain and trouble for many years after, till finally he got cured by an old herb doctor, John Calvert, on his memorable trip on horseback, across unbridged streams in the wilds of West Virginia.

### The Big Red Barn.

The big red barn was built in 1841 when my father was 17 years old, and was a remarkable structure for that day, or any day. It was 120 feet long by 60 feet wide. Later, Silas C. Beachy built a shed to it, 15 feet long, making the entire structure 125 feet long at present.

Here father and his brothers and sisters attended school at a distance of about two miles, back at the Glotfelty place. This was during the times when there were no threshing machines in the country and the grain all had to be threshed by hand flails, or tramped out by horses. So in the morning before the boys could start to school it was their work to put 220 sheaves of rye on the big barn floor and get on them with the horses to tramp the grain out. So most of them got only a limited education. And I think grandfather did not believe much in higher education, for he used to say he did not wish to educate his boys to be kaisers and kings.

Those were the days when people went many miles on horseback and barefooted. My grandmother often went to church barefooted.

One of the tracts of land in this survey is known by the name "Pleasant Valley" now owned by C. J. C. Beachy; another part, "The Parked", by Silas C. Beachy, the well known cattle dealer.

In this magnificent sugar grove, where the trees have been tapped for nearly a century, my grandfather had 300 old-fashioned trowls and 2100 keelers at the trees for catching the sap.

### Wild Animals Plentiful.

The wild animals that preyed on the close bordering dense forests and thicket in those days, from 1840 into the '50's, were plentiful. The large gray timber wolves were plentiful throughout the county, and in some localities they kept up a howling at night that some persons got out of bed, took a tin horn and

blew a loud blast to scare the wolves away and stop the howling. The bounty for a wolf scalp was as high as \$25 and \$30.

The wolves were so wary that it was difficult to catch one in a steel trap. He showed almost human shrewdness in avoiding a baited trap. He might make a visit within sight of a dead carcass and stop at a safe distance on the first call. Then he would slink off and stay away for perhaps a week, to return again, and if he found nothing changed about the carcass in the least iota on his second call, he would venture to eat. The steel traps were snaked and various devices were used to trick the wolves. If a place could be found where the wolves crossed streams on moss covered stones, a stone was taken out and the trap set under the moss at the same place in the stream.

### Caught Wolf by Tail

One day Henry Ruckel, father of the late George Ruckel, came wading along from the present Perry H. Broadwater place in a deep snow, and reported to Uncle Christian Beachy, who lived on the old home place, that a wolf had just come down from the Cunningham place, had passed and was wading the deep snow on his way back towards what they called the "Cabin", an old log cabin a mile or so directly north of the big red barn, near the Daniel Brenneman place. At this exciting news Uncle Christ, who was a foot-footed hunter and always fond of the chase, at once mounted a horse bareback and said: "Come on quick, Bill Sibert, and don't put a tag-

die on your horse—you may get fast in your stirrups—we will catch the wolf." Uncle Christ soon overtook the wolf floundering in the snow, jumped from his horse and caught the wolf by the tail. The wolf tried to snap with his long white teeth, but Uncle jerked him desperately by the tail-hold to the right and left as he kept on snapping his teeth; worried him a while in this way and then knocked him down with his fist and put his foot on the enraged beast's neck. By that time William Sibert came up and cut the wolf's throat with his pocket knife. After the fight was over Uncle Christian noticed that the wolf had gotten his boot heel into its mouth and its teeth had bitten nearly half through it.

It was a big old fellow which at different times had killed sheep at the Cunningham place by lying in a thicket watching his chance. It was believed that hounds may have routed him from there. He had once been caught in a steel trap and had lost one foot, likely by gnawing it off, but it was healed over when he was caught.

### Killed Wolf with a Cudgel.

At another time Uncle Samuel J. Beachy had set a wolf trap down near the Casselman River at what was later known as the "Little Jone" Beachy place. When he came to look at it one morning, he found that the wolf had gnawed his foot off, was gone and the blood and callus were not yet frozen. He at once reported the facts to Granddad, who immediately ran to a boy's hand sled to which was attached a nicely carved tongue, jerked it from the sled, went to the stable, mounted a stallion he had there, took his dog with him, rode to the trail and in a very short time the dog was heard worrying the wolf in the snow. Grandfather saw by the direction the dog was driving the wolf that he would likely cross near a certain place and so he left his stallion stand, went a little distance and hid behind a big fallen tree trunk. Sure enough the wolf came straight to that very spot to cross the log, and Grandfather Beachy hit him with his sled tongue cudgel and killed him. He skinned the carcass across the stallion and was back home in less than an hour's time.

At certain times in the year wolves would keep up a hideous howling at night in the alder brush down along the river. So Uncle Samuel Beachy concluded that he would go down one moonlight night, lie beside a stack of wild hay and shoot wolves by moonlight. He took along a dog named Brandy, and he was not there long before the wolves started up a dread-ful howling. The haystack was near the present sugar camp of C. C. Beachy close to where the old bridge crossed the Casselman, and the planks were all off the old bridge, only the sleepers remained, and the dog crossed the river on a sleeper, and soon the pack of wolves were after him. One of the wolves in the lead chasing the dog was about the middle of the stream or half the distance over the sleeper when Uncle Samuel let drive at him broad-side, and the wolf fell off into the water. He went back to the spot the next morning to get the wolf, but did not find him. That spring, Holmes Wiley, one of a quartet of great hunters (Holmes Wiley, Meshbach Brown-ing, Bill Bittinger and Billy Fern) caught a half-starved wolf that had been wounded about the region of the kidneys, and it was supposed that this was the chap that Uncle Sam had wounded by moonlight.

#### Adventure with a Bear.

One day Michael Otto came riding down the long lane from the Harman place where he then lived, and told my grandfather that there must be some wild animals at his hog down in the hog-pen at the shock shop, just across the road from where the Beachy school house stood, on the road east of the red barn. A hog was squealing fiercely, and then grandfather called quickly to Billy Fern, who then lived near by in the old house, while the Beachy's lived in the new brick, and they both hurried to the place of the squealing with their flint-lock guns and found a big black bear in the pig pen eating at the hind quarters of a live pig. Billy Fern stayed on guard outside of the pig-pen with his flint-lock, to shoot the bear in case he came out. Grandfather's flint-lock would not go off as he stood snapping and snapping at the huge bear not over ten feet from him, feasting on the live pig. Finally the bear ran out of the pen and Fern shot at it, but hit an alder that turned the bullet and missed the bear. The dog Brandy took after the bear but could not bring the beast to bay.

#### An Expert Deer-Slayer.

Fern bragged that he had shot and killed a deer at the distance of 202 steps. At another time he saw a deer standing at some distance from him, and another doe was walking towards it. He waited until both deer got in line, then fired and got both with one shot.

Fern always reloaded his gun at once after he had fired a shot, but one day after shooting a deer his ramrod was missing. He thought it lost, but when he got to the deer he had shot he found the ramrod sticking in the

deer's back. Having loaded in a hurry he left the rod stick in the gun barrel. One day Mr. Fern, who was an Irishman, shot a deer through the sinews of its neck; it fell over but soon struggled to get upon its feet. Fern jumped onto its body to keep it down and cut its throat, but to his mortification found that his children had borrowed his knife and had not returned it to him. He then tried to choke the deer to death with his hands and grappled and struggled with it till he was out of breath. After the deer had outwinded him, it jumped up on its feet and bounded away, holding up a white flag that he might follow if he wished.

A good strong deer in good condition was hard to handle. Henry Ruckel, another Irishman of that neighborhood, one day went into a stable, where were quartered a bunch of deer which had been caught, and stabbed, and caught one of them with his hands and it had nearly kicked the pants off him when he let it go.

#### Boys Catch Deer.

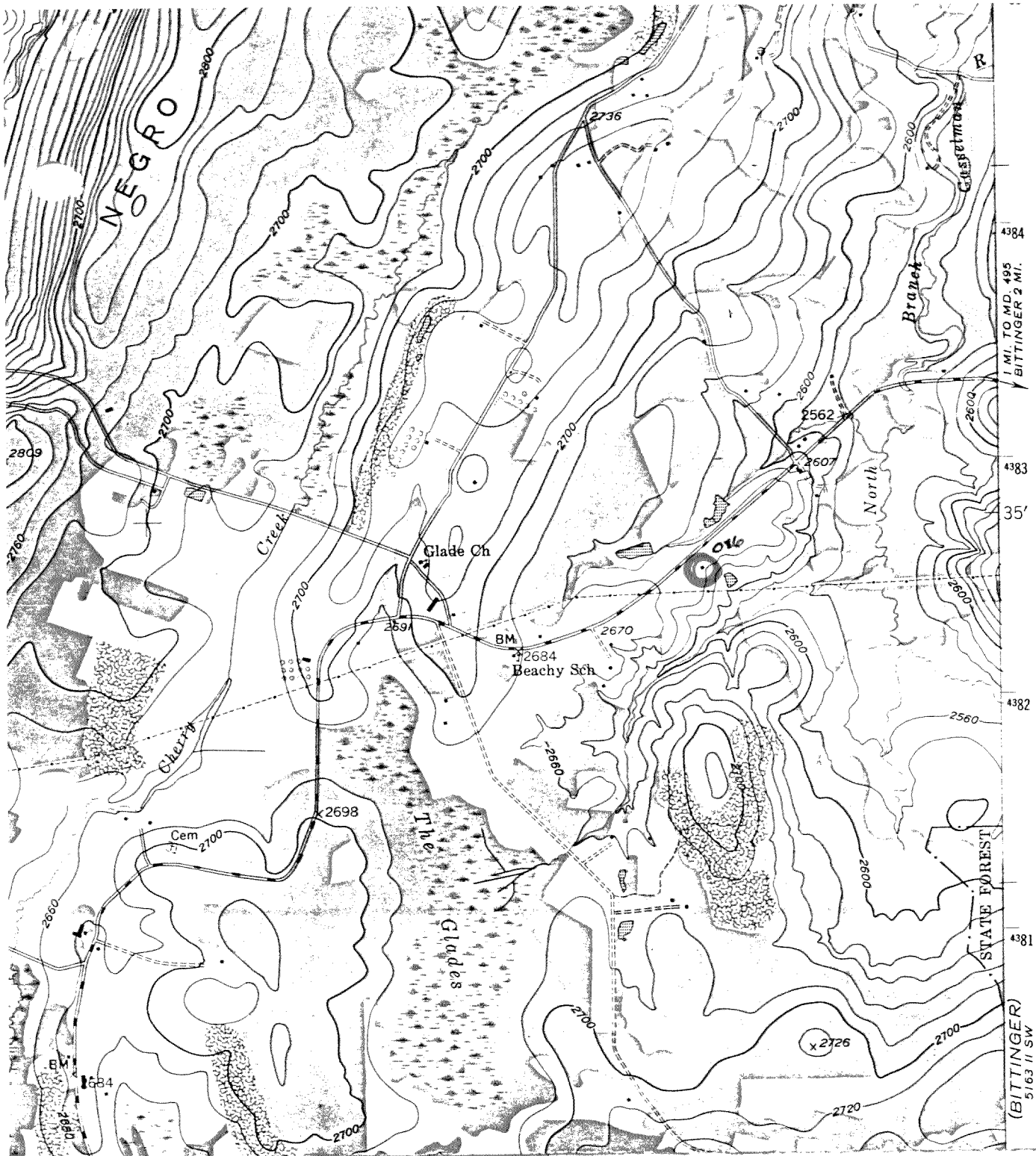
Those forests were full of wild deer during those days. In about the year 1845 my father and his brothers, then boys, went out to a stack to get a load of hay in a pretty deep snow, and deer had tracked the snow like a flock of sheep. They were seen scampering about in flocks of six, to ten. The dog Brandy brought a big deer to bay to the water and the boys caught it, but if on the load of hay, took it home, and it was from the trees to eat, but they could not make it eat, and so it died.

Uncle Christian Beachy once followed a big buck deer in a deep snow. The deer took a stand for fight at a dry snag of a tree. Uncle jerked a dry dead limb from the tree, struck the deer a hard blow over the loins and then caught him around the neck with one arm, and with the other hand he took out his pocket knife, opened it with his teeth and drove the knife into the heart of the deer by his hand. The next day when William Fern went out to get the deer, it stood stiff and dead in its tracks in the deep snow where it was slain. It was no good to eat.

As timid and wild as the deer is, it will show fight at close quarters and a buck with antlers, having a fair show, would use a man up badly.

Gone are the wild deer, the bear, the panther, the wild turkey and the wild pigeons.

At one time the wild pigeons were so plentiful in the county that often when a large flock of them flew across the sky they darkened the sun. Uncle Christian reported at that time that out at Mountain Lake Park the haw bushes were bent with the weight of wild pigeons, and that at night one might go there while they were roosting and pick grain sacks full of pigeons off the bushes.



McHenry, MD

USGS 7.5 minute series

Scale - 1: 24000

1947; photorevised 1974

G-III-B-086

Beachy - Preston Farm

Rock Lodge Rd., S side,

approx. .4 mi. SW of Beachy Rd.



G-III-B-086

Beachy Farm

Garrett Co., MD

Ann Burns 2/27/81

NE elev., Facade-NW elev.





G-III-B-086

Beachy Farm

Garrett Co., MD

Ann Burns 2/27/81

SW & SE elevs.



G-III-B-086

Beachy Farm

Garrett Co., MD

Ann Burns 2/27/81

Newel post